

# THIS SPACE BELONGS TO CUTCHIN, ELLIS & COMPANY, REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

OFFICE: 112 JEFFERSON STREET, ROANOKE, VIRGINIA.

## HONEST CARL DUNDER.

He Makes a Journey to Buffalo to Get His Eye-Teeth Cut.

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed Sergeant Rendall yesterday, as a corpulent form darkened the door-way of the Woodbridge Street Station, and he looked up to see Carl Dunder walk in.

"It vhas me, Sergeant."

"Yes, I see. Where on earth have you been for the last three months?"

"Sergeant, you know me for a long time."

"Yes."

"I vhas some hayseeds."

"Yo were."

"I vhas so shildlike dot eaferybody shwindles me."

"That's true."

"Nothings und nobody vhas twice alike in dis country."

"No."

"You advise me to soak my head, sandpaper my neck, shump in der rifer or hang myself."

"Yes, I did."

"Well, I like to oblige you, because you vhas my friendt, but I goes to Puffalo instead. My bruder vhas in Puffalo! Ah! sergeant that Puffalo vhas a great place—a great place. Sooch sharp peopies you nefer saw. I goes by my bruder and take some lessons. Dat vhas der place to get some eye-teeth cut out. Sergeant, look at me!"

"I'm looking. You look like a different man from what you did. You've got a foxy look about the eyes, and nobody would take you for a greenhorn now."

"Sergeant, I vhas more ash one fox—I vash four foxes. If anybody can beat me now I like to see him try it on. I doan' take ten thousand dollar for what I learned in Puffalo."

"Well, I'm glad of it. What ails your finger?"

"She vhas broke—ha! ha! ha!"

"A joke then?"

"Der biggest kind of a shoke. While I vhas in Cleveland der odder day a stranger comes oop to me and says vhill I buy some photographs of Garfield's tomb. I hit him so queek ash lightning, und dot finger vhas broken."

"What did you hit him for?"

"Because he takes me for some hayseed. Nobody has a tomb until he vhas dead."

"But Garfield is dead."

"Not mooch. Doan' I see about him in der papers all der time. Doan' it say dot he shall vetoe dot silver bill."

"That's Harrison! You have got the two mixed up!"

"You doan' say me! Vhas dot possible! Vhas it Ben Harrison who vhas President, instead of Ben Garfield?"

"Of course."

"Great scots! Und dot feller vhas all right, und I almost killed him! If Garfield vhas dead I doan' remember it. Vell! vell! I make oop for it, however."

"How?"

"On der train I meet a man who vhas hard oop. He takes me for a sucker. He beliefs he can swindle me like seexy. He has a watch and wants to sell him und get money to go by his mudder's dying bedstead. He asked me fifty dollars."

"And you paid it?"

"Not mooch! Dot isn't the Puffalo vhay. I offered him twenty, und he sheds some tears und says he shall haf to do it."

"Got it with you?"

"Yes. Here she vhas."

"Got tired, I see, und stopped. Wheels loose, too. Silver plate on a nickel case. Worth five dollars a bushel when the market isn't glutted. Mr. Dunder, it was a swindle."

"No!"

"He took you in and made a fool of you. What's in that package?"

"Some agency for Michigan. I buy him in Puffalo."

"Fly screen, eh? Where does the agency come in? Isn't it like any other fly screen?"

"She was reversible, you see. I buy der whole Stato agency for twenty-five dollars."

"Reversible? How?"

"Vay, if you haf dis side out der flies can't come in. If you haf dis side out der bugs und mosquitoes can't come in."

"And he made you believe that?"

"Belief that! Can't I see mit my two eyes?"

"Yes, but look at that screen in the window. Doesn't one side keep every thing out. You have been victimized all around."

"Sergeant!" said Mr. Dunder, as he rose up, "was I a victim?"

"Yes."

"Doan' I know more ash a hay-stack."

"Not much."

"Vhas I shust as green ash before I goes to Puffalo?"

"Greener."

"Dot vhas all. Good bye! When my body vhas pulled out of dot rifer shust speak mit dem reporters und say dot I couldn't help it. I vhas a good man, but so child-like dot dis cold und weeked world vhas no place for me!"—Detroit Free Press.

## KILLING A NIGGER.

It Was the Bounden Duty of a White Man with a Grievance.

There were half a dozen of us at the railroad station at Erin, Tenn., when an old man rode up on a mule at a slashing gallop, and cried:

"Some of you all lend me a gun or a pistol right quick."

Naturally enough we inquired what was the trouble, and he bobbed around on his saddle and replied:

"I want to kill a nigger who has insulted me."

None of us had a fire-arm, and after a few minutes the man cooled down considerably. Then I asked him how the nigger had insulted him, and he replied:

"I was comin' along to town and I met a nigger whom I knowed. Says I: 'Nigger Joe, kin ye lend me a dollar?'"

"Can't lend yo' no dollar, Marse George," he replied.

"Why?" says I.

"Kase you dun owe me two dollars fur a hull y'ar, Marse George."

"Think of it, stranger—think of a nigger dunning a white man right in broad daylight! Think of his refusing me a dollar when he knows I'm good fur ten thousand! Why, sir, I orter kill him. I really had. I orter ride right back und choke him to death."

"It must make your blood boil."

"Blood! Bile! Why, sir, I'm on fire! I've got to kill him—got to do it! And, by the way, if you could lend me half a dollar to buy powder and buck shot I know where I kin borrow a gun. You must realize how necessary it is to kill that nigger."

I let him have the money, and he rode off about three hundred feet, hitched his mule, and slid into a saloon, and a little later we could hear him pounding on a table and shouting:

"S'more o' that hicker, Sam! It's my bounden duty to kill that nigger, and I'm goin' to do it!"—N. Y. Sun.

## SUFFICIENT REASON.



"I hear your engagement with Miss Boodle is off. How did it happen?"

"In strict confidence, Smith, she got mad because I stole a kiss."

"I don't see why that should provoke her—when you were engaged?"

"Well, you see, I stole this kiss from another girl."—The Jury.

## Terrible Revenge.

"That was a mean trick the editor of Scissors worked on poor Brown."

"What was it?"

"Why, Brown wrote a poem and sent it to him."

"Well, what then?"

"The fellow published it."—The Jury.

## Will Never Be Understood.

Tramp—Folks don't seem to understand me.

Householder—They never will.

"But why can't they, sir?"

"The Scriptures declare that every man is known by his works, and you never work."—Chicago Globe.

Mrs. Shears—I wish my husband was here.

Jeweler—Is he an authority on diamonds?

Mrs. Shears—Not exactly; but he is an editor and knows paste whenever he sees it.—Bostonian.

"I live on my wits," said Scribbler.

"How do you like flat life?" asked Cynicus.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

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GRAND OPENING SALE OF THE

Wytheville Development Company.

Sale will begin September 30, at 1

o'clock.

WYTHEVILLE, VA.

"THE GEM OF THE ALLEGHANIES"—"THE

SARATOGA OF THE SOUTH."

The county seat of Wythe county,

which was awarded the diploma with

\$500 premium at the Virginia Exposit-

ion at Richmond, in 1888, in Minerals

and Woods. Population 4,000. Altitude

2,360 feet.

Wythe County has two blast and fif-

teen charcoal iron furnaces, and sev-

eral zinc and lead furnaces. Wytheville

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inducements to manufacturing indus-

tries of any city in the South. The

Wytheville Development Company's

reserve fund for new industries alone

amounts to \$180,000. Wytheville is the

center of the richest mineral region in

the South. Wytheville exempts all

manufacturing industries from munic-

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ville has beautiful and well-paved

streets 60, 70 and 97 feet in width. Two

electric light plants and three water

systems. Wytheville has the best pub-

lic schools and the handsomest school

building in Virginia; has three female

colleges and two male academies. Ow-

ing to its mineral waters, free to vis-

itors, which are highly curative for many

diseases, and its great altitude, it has

grown into a great and fashionable

health resort.

The Wytheville Development Com-

pany will place on the market, Septem-

ber 30, 500 residence and business

lots of its property in the new West

End Extension, lying between the

Wytheville Cotton Mills and the "Jack-

son Park Hotel," on both of which work

has just begun. This property to be

offered for sale for the first time, Septem-

ber 30, is the most beautiful property in

Wytheville, and will be priced at very

reasonable figures in order to encour-

age investments. Investments in

Wytheville real estate within the last

ninety days have borne from 100 to 500

per cent. to investors.

The Norfolk and Western railroad,

running from Norfolk to the West and

Northwest, will have on sale at stations

on line and agencies in New England

special excursion round-trip tickets to

Wytheville, good until October 31.

For further particulars, apply to W.

L. YOST, president of the Wytheville

Development Company, Wytheville, Va.

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C. A. HEATH,

The well-known Jefferson Street

BARBER,

Has opened a Barber Shop in Hotel

Roanoke.

Room in basement.

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"Nox 'em all out" on childrens' suits,  
"sizes 5 to 14."

Ten per cent. discount off marked prices, one week only, commencing

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8.

All our goods are marked in plain figures; you can see the reductions yourself.  
Remember our stock of shoes, hats, furnishing goods and clothing is complete.

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The gents furnishers of Roanoke, 112 Commerce street.

AT COHN'S.  
HATS:

Youman's hats, known to all, at Cohn's; Stetsons' soft and stiff, at Cohn's; Silverman's stiff and silk, at Cohn's; Melville soft and stiff, at Cohn's, and others too numerous to mention.

Clothing Specials:

Double-breasted sack suits at Cohn's; double-breasted frock suits at Cohn's; single-breasted cutaway suits at Cohn's; single-breasted cutaway frocks at Cohn's; Prince Alberts and full-dress at Cohn's; short and stout suits for short men at Cohn's; extra length suits for long men at Cohn's; extra large suits at Cohn's.

OVERCOATS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Separate pants all sizes and fabrics. Our fall underwear is now on sale. We carry the American Hosiery Company underwear, besides many other makes. Our neckwear, hose, handkerchiefs, suspenders, etc., are far ahead of all, as usual. Our tailoring department is on a boom. Don't wait too long to place your order. Save your time and money by visiting our mammoth clothing establishment. You can find anything you want, any price you want, and will certainly have no farther to go.

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The Salem avenue clothier, tailor and furnisher, No. 44 Salem avenue, Roanoke, Va. E. M. Dawson, Manager.

## Gas Notice.

Gas bills for month of September are now due and payable at the company's office. Discounts allowed on bills paid on or before October 10.

oct5to10 J. C. RAWN, Manager.

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